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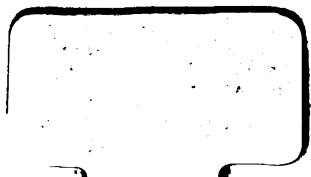
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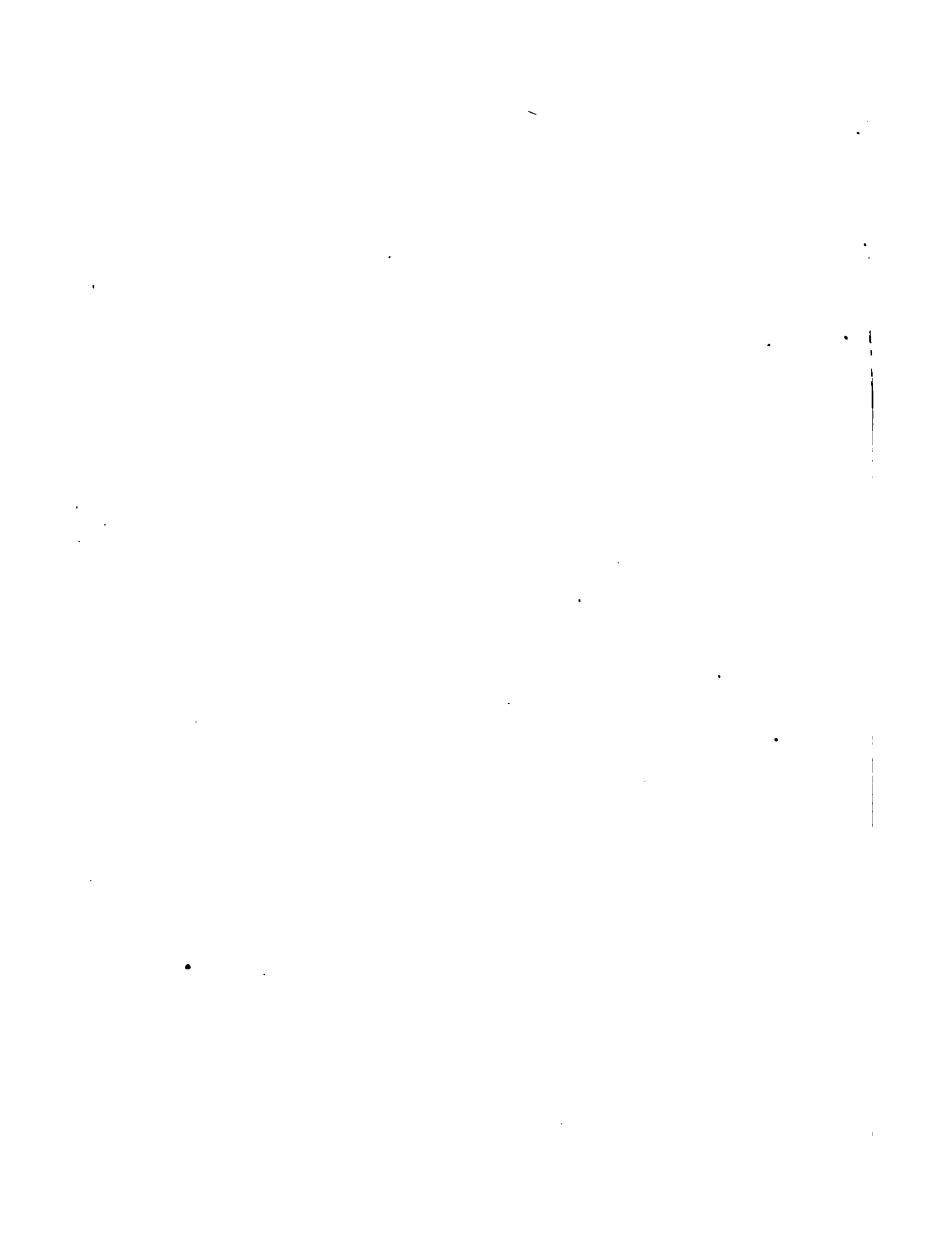
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**THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD.**

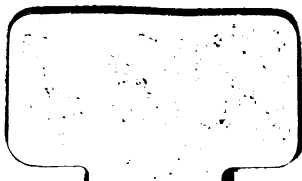
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**THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD.**



# THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## The First Part

AS PUBLISHED IN 1816 WITH ALASTOR

## The Second Part

DECIPHERED AND NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM HIS OWN MANUSCRIPT  
REVISION AND INTERPOLATIONS IN THE NEWLY DISCOVERED  
COPY OF QUEEN MAB

LONDON

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY H BUXTON FORMAN

38 MARLBOROUGH HILL

1876





Inscribed  
TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
*THOMAS WADE*  
POET

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## **PREFACE.**



## PREFACE.



THE copy of *Queen Mab* upon which Shelley worked to produce the revised fragment published in 1816 with *Alastor* as *The Dæmon of the World* has been lost to the ken of Shelley-students and enthusiasts for many years. It was described in Medwin's *Life of Shelley* as a very much cut-down and altered version of *Queen Mab*. A somewhat similar account of the book was given in Middleton's *Shelley and His Writings*,

with an intimation that the revised book would soon be published.

Since that time there has not been, as far as I know, any public notice tending to keep track of this precious volume. It remained, in point of fact, in the hands of Mr. Brooks the publisher, who gave it to Thomas Wade, the poet of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, not many years ago. From the time of Wade's death, in comparative seclusion, this book was reverently preserved by his widow, who, on learning that I was looking up all available material for an exhaustive edition of Shelley's

writings, placed this treasure at my disposal.

On examination the volume has proved to be a retrenchment of *Queen Mab*, with a great deal of fresh writing—the first, second, eighth, and ninth Cantos alone being recognized by Shelley as worthy of preservation in the new poem thus constructed. The first and second are the substance of what he issued with *Alastor* in 1816 as *The Dæmon of the World, a Fragment*: the eighth and ninth are the substance of what he converted, no doubt in the year 1815, into a Second Part of



*The Dæmon of the World.* This Second Part, deciphered and connected not without difficulty, contains so much that is fresh, and is so important as establishing what Shelley thought worth rescuing in 1815 from his work of 1813, that it seems to me well worth while, as a preliminary measure, to give printed embodiment to the whole Poem as a connected work.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

*Christmas, 1876.*

38 MARLBOROUGH HILL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,  
LONDON.

## FIRST PART.



# The Dæmon of the World.

## FIRST PART.

Nec tantum prodere vati,  
Quantum scire licet. Venit setas omnis in unam  
Congeriem, miserumque premunt tot sæcula pectus.

*Lucan Phars. L. v. l. 176.*

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep!  
One pale as yonder wan and hornèd moon,  
With lips of lurid blue,  
The other glowing like the vital morn,  
When throned on ocean's wave  
It breathes over the world:  
Yet both so passing strange and wonderful!

Hath then the iron-sceptred Skeleton,  
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,  
To the hell dogs that couch beneath his throne  
Cast that fair prey? Must that divinest form,  
Which love and admiration cannot view  
Without a beating heart, whose azure veins  
Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,  
Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed  
In light of some sublimest mind, decay?  
Nor putrefaction's breath  
Leave aught of this pure spectacle  
But loathsomeness and ruin?—  
Spare aught but a dark theme,  
On which the lightest heart might moralize?  
Or is it but that downy-winged slumbers  
Have charmed their nurse coy Silence near her lids  
To watch their own repose?  
Will they, when morning's beam  
Flows through those wells of light,  
Seek far from noise and day some western cave,

Where woods and streams with soft and pausing winds  
A lulling murmur weave?—

Ianthe doth not sleep  
The dreamless sleep of death :  
Nor in her moonlight chamber silently,  
Doth Henry hear her regular pulses throb,  
Or mark her delicate cheek  
With interchange of hues mock the broad moon  
Outwatching weary night,  
Without assured reward.  
Her dewy eyes are closed ;  
On their translucent lids, whose texture fine  
Scarce hide the dark blue orbs that burn below  
With unapparent fire,  
The baby Sleep is pillowed :  
Her golden tresses shade  
The bosom's stainless pride,  
Twining like tendrils of the parasite  
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?  
'Tis like a wondrous strain that sweeps  
Around a lonely ruin  
When west winds sigh and evening waves respond  
In whispers from the shore:  
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes  
Which from the unseen lyres of dells and groves  
The genii of the breezes sweep.  
Floating on waves of music and of light  
The chariot of the Dæmon of the World  
Descends in silent power:  
Its shape reposed within: slight as some cloud  
That catches but the palest tinge of day  
When evening yields to night.  
Bright as that fibrous woof when stars indue  
Its transitory robe.  
Four shapeless shadows bright and beautiful  
Draw that strange car of glory, reins of light  
Check their unearthly speed; they stop and fold  
Their wings of braided air:

The Dæmon leaning from the etherial car  
Gazed on the slumbering maid.  
Human eye hath ne'er beheld  
A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful,  
As that which o'er the maiden's charmed sleep  
Waving a starry wand,  
Hung like a mist of light.  
Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds  
Of wakening spring arose,  
Filling the chamber and the moonlight sky.

Maiden, the world's supremest spirit  
Beneath the shadow of her wings  
Folds all thy memory doth inherit  
From ruin of divinest things,  
Feelings that lure thee to betray,  
And light of thoughts that pass away.

For thou hast earned a mighty boon,  
The truths which wisest poets see



Dimly, thy mind may make its own,  
Rewarding its own majesty,  
Entranced in some diviner mood  
Of self-oblivious solitude.

Custom, and Faith, and Power thou spurnest;  
From hate and awe thy heart is free;  
Ardent and pure as day thou burnest,  
For dark and cold mortality  
A living light, to cheer it long,  
The watch-fires of the world among.

Therefore from nature's inner shrine,  
Where gods and fiends in worship bend,  
Majestic spirit, be it thine  
The flame to seize, the veil to rend,  
Where the vast snake Eternity  
In charmed sleep doth ever lie.

All that inspires thy voice of love,  
Or speaks in thy unclosing eyes,

Or through thy frame doth burn or move,  
Or think or feel, awake, arise!  
Spirit, leave for mine and me  
Earth's unsubstantial mimicry!

It ceased, and from the mute and moveless frame  
A radiant spirit arose,  
All beautiful in naked purity.  
Robed in its human hues it did ascend,  
Disparting as it went the silver clouds  
It moved towards the car, and took its seat  
Beside the Dæmon shape.

Obedient to the sweep of aery song,  
The mighty ministers  
Unfurled their prismatic wings.  
The magic car moved on;  
The night was fair, innumerable stars  
Studded heaven's dark blue vault;  
The eastern wave grew pale  
With the first smile of morn.

The magic car moved on.  
From the swift sweep of wings  
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew;  
And where the burning wheels  
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak  
Was traced a line of lightning.  
Now far above a rock the utmost verge  
Of the wide earth it flew;  
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
Frowned o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's stormy path,  
Calm as a slumbering babe,  
Tremendous ocean lay.  
Its broad and silent mirror gave to view  
The pale and waning stars,  
The chariot's fiery track,  
And the grey light of morn  
Tinging those fleecy clouds  
That cradled in their folds the infant dawn.

The chariot seemed to fly  
Through the abyss of an immense concave,  
Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
With shades of infinite colour,  
And semicircled with a belt  
Flashing incessant meteors.

As they approached their goal,  
The wingèd shadows seemed to gather speed.  
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth  
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere, suspended  
In the black concave of heaven  
With the sun's cloudless orb,  
Whose rays of rapid light  
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
And fell like ocean's feathery spray  
Dashed from the boiling surge  
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.  
Earth's distant orb appeared

The smallest light that twinkles in the heavens,  
    Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems widely rolled,  
    And countless spheres diffused  
        An ever varying glory.

It was a sight of wonder! Some were horned,  
And, like the moon's argentine crescent hung  
In the dark dome of heaven, some did shed  
A clear mild beam like Hesperus, while the sea  
Yet glows with fading sun-light; others dashed  
Athwart the night with trains of bickering fire,  
Like spherèd worlds to death and ruin driven;  
Some shone like stars, and as the chariot passed  
    Bedimmed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here  
In this interminable wilderness  
Of worlds, at whose involved immensity  
    Even soaring fancy staggers,  
    Here is thy fitting temple.

Yet not the lightest leaf  
That quivers to the passing breeze  
Is less instinct with thee,—  
Yet not the meanest worm,  
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead  
Less shares thy eternal breath.  
Spirit of Nature! thou  
Imperishable as this glorious scene,  
Here is thy fitting temple.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the shore of the immeasurable sea,  
And thou hast lingered there  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the fiery line of ocean,  
Thou must have marked the braided webs of gold  
That without motion hang  
Over the sinking sphere:  
Thou must have marked the billowy mountain clouds,  
Edged with intolerable radiancy,

Towering like rocks of jet  
Above the burning deep:  
And yet there is a moment  
When the sun's highest point  
Peers like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
When those far clouds of feathery purple gleam  
Like fairy lands girt by some heavenly sea:  
Then has thy rapt imagination soared  
Where in the midst of all existing things  
The temple of the mightiest Dæmon stands.

Yet not the golden islands  
That gleam amid yon flood of purple light,  
Nor the feathery curtains  
That canopy the sun's resplendent couch,  
Nor the burnished ocean waves  
Paving that gorgeous dome,  
So fair, so wonderful a sight  
As the eternal temple could afford.  
The elements of all that human thought

Can frame of lovely or sublime, did join  
To rear the fabric of the fane, nor aught  
Of earth may image forth its majesty.  
Yet likest evening's vault that faëry hall,  
As heaven low resting on the wave it spread  
    Its floors of flashing light,  
    Its vast and azure dome ;  
And on the verge of that obscure abyss  
Where crystal battlements o'erhang the gulph  
Of the dark world, ten thousand spheres diffuse  
Their lustre through its adamantine gates.

The magic car no longer moved ;  
The Dæmon and the Spirit  
Entered the eternal gates.  
Those clouds of aery gold  
That slept in glittering billows  
Beneath the azure canopy,  
With the etherial footsteps trembled not ;  
While slight and odorous mists



Floated to strains of thrilling melody  
Through the vast columns and the pearly shrines.

The Dæmon and the Spirit  
Approached the overhanging battlement.  
Below lay stretched the boundless universe !

There, far as the remotest line  
That limits swift imagination's flight,  
Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,  
Immutably fulfilling  
Eternal Nature's law.  
Above, below, around,  
The circling systems formed  
A wilderness of harmony,  
Each with undeviating aim  
In eloquent silence through the depths of space  
Pursued its wondrous way.—

Awhile the Spirit paused in ecstasy.  
Yet soon she saw, as the vast spheres swept by,

Strange things within their belted orbs appear.  
Like animated frenzies, dimly moved  
Shadows, and skeletons, and fiendly shapes,  
Thronging round human graves, and o'er the dead  
Sculpturing records for each memory  
In verse, such as malignant gods pronounce,  
Blasting the hopes of men, when heaven and hell  
Confounded burst in ruin o'er the world:  
And they did build vast trophies, instruments  
Of murder, human bones, barbaric gold,  
Skins torn from living men, and towers of skulls  
With sightless holes gazing on blinder heaven,  
Mitres, and crowns, and brazen chariots stained  
With blood, and scrolls of mystic wickedness,  
The sanguine codes of venerable crime.  
The likeness of a thronèd king came by,  
When these had past, bearing upon his brow  
A threefold crown; his countenance was calm,  
His eye severe and cold; but his right hand  
Was charged with bloody coin, and he did gnaw

By fits, with secret smiles, a human heart  
Concealed beneath his robe; and motley shapes,  
A multitudinous throng, around him knelt,  
With bosoms bare, and bowed heads, and false looks  
Of true submission, as the sphere rolled by,  
Brooking no eye to witness their foul shame,  
Which human hearts must feel, while human tongues  
Tremble to speak, they did rage horribly,  
Breathing in self contempt fierce blasphemies  
Against the Dæmon of the World, and high  
Hurling their armed hands where the pure Spirit,  
Serene and inaccessibly secure,  
Stood on an isolated pinnacle,  
The flood of ages combating below  
The depth of the unbounded universe  
Above, and all around  
Necessity's unchanging harmony.

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**SECOND PART.**

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# The Dæmon of the World.

## SECOND PART.

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!  
To which those restless powers that ceaselessly  
Throng through the human universe, aspire;  
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!  
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will!  
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,  
Verge to one point and blend forever there:  
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!  
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,  
Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come:  
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,  
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness  
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined

Those rooted hopes, that the proud Power of Evil  
Shall not forever on this fairest world  
Shake pestilence and war, or that his slaves  
With blasphemy for prayer, and human blood  
For sacrifice, before his shrine forever  
In adoration bend, or Erebus  
With all its banded fiends shall not uprise  
To overwhelm in envy and revenge  
The dauntless and the good, who dare to hurl  
Defiance at his throne, girt tho' it be  
With Death's omnipotence. Thou hast beheld  
His empire, o'er the present and the past;  
It was a desolate sight—now gaze on mine,  
Futurity. Thou hoary giant Time,  
Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,—  
And from the cradles of eternity,  
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep  
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,  
Tear thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold  
Thy glorious destiny!

The Spirit saw

The vast frame of the renovated world  
Smile in the lap of Chaos, and the sense  
Of hope thro' her fine texture did suffuse  
Such varying glow, as summer evening casts  
On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.  
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,  
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea  
And dies on the creation of its breath,  
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits:  
Was the sweet stream of thought that with wild motion  
Flowed o'er the Spirit's human sympathies.  
The mighty tide of thought had paused awhile,  
Which from the Dæmon now like Ocean's stream  
Again began to pour.—

To me is given

The wonders of the human world to keep—  
Space, matter, time and mind—let the sight  
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.



All things are recreated, and the flame  
Of consentaneous love inspires all life:  
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck  
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,  
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness:  
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale  
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad:  
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,  
Glow in the fruits, and mantles on the stream:  
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,  
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride  
The foliage of the undecaying trees;  
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,  
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit  
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

The habitable earth is full of bliss;  
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled

By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,  
Where matter dared nor vegetate nor live,  
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude  
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed;  
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles  
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls  
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,  
Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet  
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves  
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

The vast tract of the parched and sandy waste  
Now teems with countless rills and shady woods,  
Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages;  
And where the startled wilderness did hear  
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,  
Hymning his victory, or the milder snake  
Crushing the bones of some frail antelope  
Within his brazen folds—the dewy lawn,  
Offering sweet incense to the sun-rise, smiles

To see a babe before his mother's door,  
Share with the green and golden basilisk  
That comes to lick his feet, his morning's meal.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail  
Has seen above the illimitable plain,  
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,  
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread  
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,  
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves  
So long have mingled with the gusty wind  
In melancholy loneliness, and swept  
The desert of those ocean solitudes,  
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,  
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,  
Now to the sweet and many-mingling sounds  
Of kindest human impulses respond:  
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,  
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,  
And fertile vallies, resonant with bliss,

Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,  
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,  
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there.

Man chief perceives the change, his being notes  
The gradual renovation, and defines  
Each movement of its progress on his mind.  
Man, where the gloom of the long polar night  
Lowered o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,  
Where scarce the hardest herb that braves the frost  
Basked in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,  
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night;  
Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day  
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,  
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere  
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed  
Unnatural vegetation, where the land  
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease,  
Was man a nobler being; slavery  
Had crushed him to his country's bloodstained dust.

Even where the milder zone afforded man  
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,  
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,  
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth availed  
Till late to arrest its progress, or create  
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved  
Her snowy standard o'er this favoured clime:  
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,  
The mimic of surrounding misery,  
The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,  
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning  
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;  
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,  
Which gently in his noble bosom wake  
All kindly passions and all pure desires.  
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,  
Which from the exhaustless lore of human weal  
Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise

In time-destroying infiniteness, gift  
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks  
The unprevailing hoariness of age,  
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene  
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands  
Immortal upon earth: no longer now  
He slays the beast that sports around his dwelling  
And horribly devours its mangled flesh,  
Or drinks its vital blood, which like a stream  
Of poison thro' his fevered veins did flow  
Feeding a plague that secretly consumed  
His feeble frame, and kindling in his mind  
Hatred, despair, and fear and vain belief,  
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.  
No longer now the wingèd habitants,  
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,  
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,  
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands  
Which little children stretch in friendly sport  
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.

All things are void of terror: man has lost  
His desolating privilege, and stands  
An equal amidst equals: happiness  
And science dawn though late upon the earth;  
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame;  
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,  
Reason and passion cease to combat there;  
Whilst mind unfettered o'er the earth extends  
Its all-subduing energies, and wields  
The sceptre of a vast dominion there.

Mild is the slow necessity of death:  
The tranquil spirit fails beneath its grasp,  
Without a groan, almost without a fear,  
Resigned in peace to the necessity,  
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,  
And full of wonder, full of hope as he.  
The deadly germs of languor and disease  
Waste in the human frame, and Nature gifts  
With choicest boons her human worshippers.

How vigorous now the athletic form of age!  
How clear its open and unwrinkled brow!  
Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, or care,  
Had stamped the seal of grey deformity  
On all the mingling lineaments of time.  
How lovely the intrepid front of youth!  
How sweet the smiles of taintless infancy.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,  
Fearless and free the ruddy children play,  
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows  
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,  
That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;  
The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,  
There rust amid the accumulated ruins  
Now mingling slowly with their native earth:  
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once  
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity  
With a pale and sickly glare, now freely shines  
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:



No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair  
Peals through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes  
Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds  
And merriment are resonant around.

The fanes of Fear and Falsehood hear no more  
The voice that once waked multitudes to war  
Thundering thro' all their aisles: but now respond  
To the death dirge of the melancholy wind:  
It were a sight of awfulness to see  
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing!  
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their wall.  
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death  
To-day, the breathing marble glows above  
To decorate its memory, and tongues  
Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms  
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.  
These ruins soon leave not a wreck behind:  
Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,

To happier shapes are moulded, and become  
Ministrant to all blissful impulses :  
Thus human things are perfected, and earth,  
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,  
Is strengthened in all excellence, and grows  
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene  
Closes in steadfast darkness, and the past  
Fades from our charmed sight. My task is done :  
Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,  
With all the fear and all the hope they bring.  
My spells are past : the present now recurs.  
Ah me ! a pathless wilderness remains  
Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course,  
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue  
The gradual paths of an aspiring change :  
For birth and life and death, and that strange state

Before the naked powers that thro' the world  
Wander like winds have found a human home,  
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
The restless wheels of being on their way,  
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,  
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal :  
For birth but wakes the universal mind  
Whose mighty streams might else in silence flow  
Thro' the vast world, to individual sense  
Of outward shews, whose unexperienced shape  
New modes of passion to its frame may lend ;  
Life is its state of action, and the store  
Of all events is aggregated there  
That variegate the eternal universe ;  
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,  
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies  
And happy regions of eternal hope.  
Therefore, O Spirit ! fearlessly bear on :  
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,  
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,

Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
To feed with kindest dew its favorite flower,  
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
Lighting the green wood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand,  
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,  
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch flares;  
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,  
The transient gulph-dream of a startling sleep.  
For what thou art shall perish utterly,  
But what is thine may never cease to be;  
Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen  
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,  
Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,  
And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.  
Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene  
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?  
Hopes that not vainly thou, and living fires  
Of mind, as radiant and as pure as thou


Have shone upon the paths of men—return  
Surpassing Spirit, to that world, where thou  
Art destined an eternal war to wage  
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot  
The germs of misery from the human heart.  
Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe  
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,  
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,  
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease:  
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy  
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,  
When fenced by power and master of the world.  
Thou art sincere and good; of resolute mind,  
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,  
Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.  
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,  
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon  
Which thou hast now received: virtue shall keep  
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,  
And many days of beaming hope shall bless

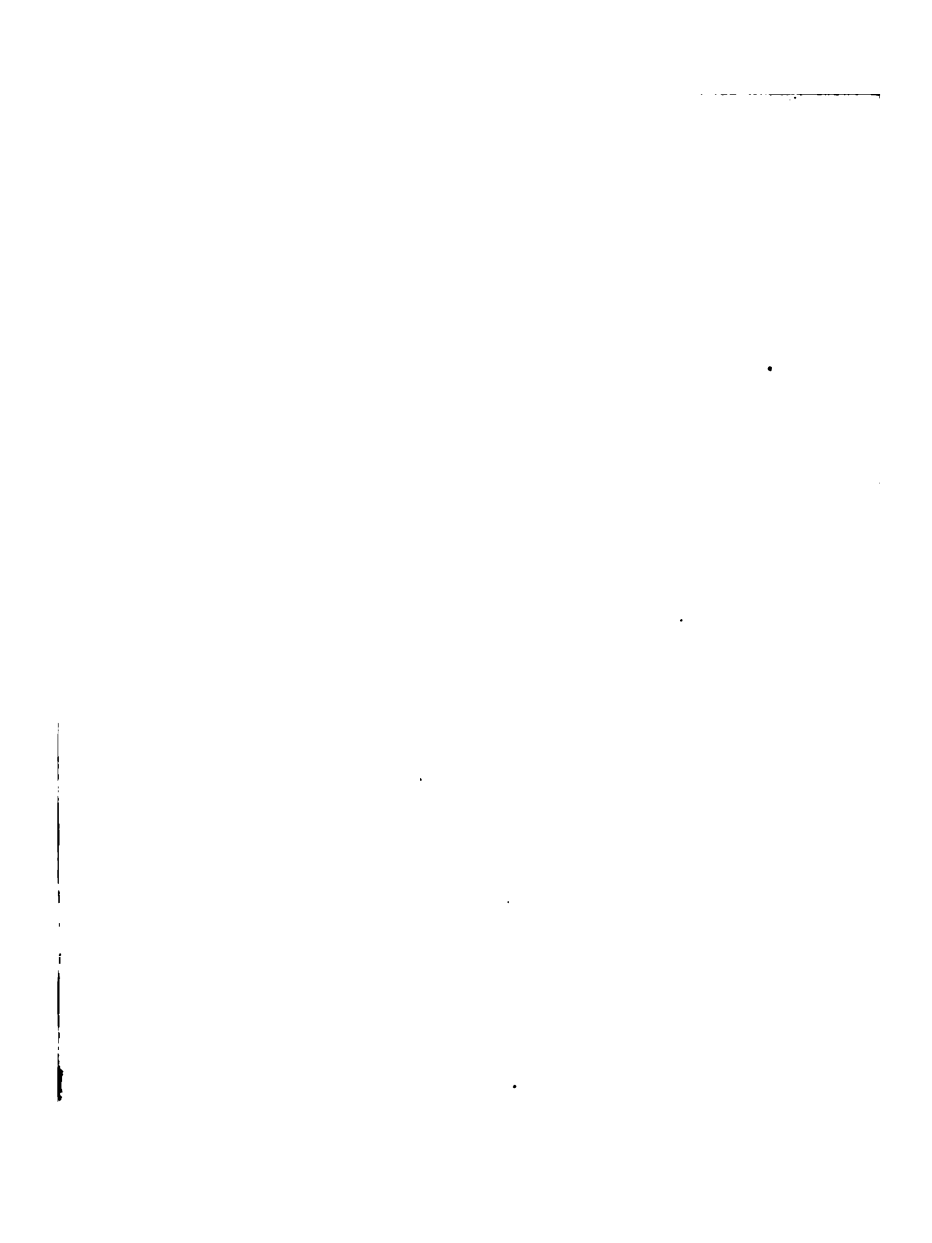
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.  
Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy  
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Dæmon called its wingèd ministers.  
Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,  
That rolled beside the crystal battlement,  
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.  
The burning wheels inflame  
The steep descent of Heaven's untrodden way.  
Fast and far the chariot flew:  
The mighty globes that rolled  
Around the gate of the Eternal Fane  
Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared  
Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs  
That ministering on the solar power  
With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.  
Earth floated then below:  
The chariot paused a moment;

The Spirit then descended:  
And from the earth departing  
The shadows with swift wings  
Speeded like thought upon the light of Heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then,  
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame:  
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;  
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained:  
She looked around in wonder and beheld  
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
And the bright beaming stars  
That through the casement shone.











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